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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Which is the Strongest?

The Persian King sat on the throne;
Around him, like a star,
The Lords of all his mighty zone,
From India to the Nile,
With gold and gems resplendent shone,
And smiled to see him smile.

"Now tell me," said he, half in scorn,
"Which is the strongest thing—
Woman, or Wine, or Truth, sky-born,
Or Persia's mighty King?
Who answers best a purple vest
Shall have, with golden ring."

Then spoke the first, and said, "Red wine
Of all is strongest far.
It fills the heart with joy divine;
Life brightens like a star;
The rich and poor embrace benign,
And all men brethren are."

Then said the second, bowing low,
"Earth's strongest is the King.
He says, 'Go forth!' his armies go—
They fear no living thing—
They smite the foe with deadly blow,
And home rich treasures bring."

Then said a third, "Woman of all
Of those is strongest still;
She rules the King within his hall,
And has with each her will,
What man most values, at her call
He brings her lap to fill."

"I saw Apsara sitting fair
Beside the King of the land;
She placed the crown from his dark hair,
With air of mock command,
Then placed it on her tresses rare,
And stepped him with her hand."

"Nor frowned the King, but only smiled,
Submissive to her mind,
To her caprice he was a child;
So always with mankind;
No matter how untamed and wild,
Woman can tame and bind."

"But Truth is stronger still; its hand
Reaches from heaven above,
It binds the Ages with a band
Of Wisdom and of Love,
The earth stands still at its command,
The sun and stars do move."

"Wine may exalt us to the skies,
But then it blots out all;
A woman's sweet witcheries
Will fade when youth is o'er;
But Truth eternal never dies,
And gladdens more and more."

The Princess shouted, "Great is Truth,
And mightiest over all!"
Darius said, "Oh, Hebrew youth,
Stand first in court and hall,
All things in favor, feel Time's fierce tooth,
But Truth shall never fall!"
—New York Mail and Express.

STORY TELLER.

A Mother's Boy.

"Mother!"
The loud boyish voice rang through the quiet house. The mother, sewing in her sunny chamber, heard but did not answer, only sent in advance to announce the coming of him whose feet were even then bounding up the stairs, and who burst into the room with all the noise it is possible for an active boy of fourteen to make in that simple act.

"Mother, Uncle Charley is going blue fishing and wants me to go with him; may I?"

Her eyes rested upon him a moment before she gave consent. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. His father, and several other of his kindred, lay beneath the waves. Perhaps she thought of them as she gazed so fondly upon his face, glowing with health and animation. But he had spent half of his summer life in and upon the water; she did not think of refusing his request—only added to her consent a hope that he would be careful.

"Oh, mother! there isn't a bit of danger with such a sailor as Uncle Charley; besides, if I do get tipped over, I can swim ashore; why, I could swim from here to the Neck!"

"I should not want you to try such a swim as that, Franky."

Frank turned to go, but paused; perhaps the mother-look drew him back; he stole shyly to the back of her chair, and leaning over her, kissed her forehead hurriedly and then ran away. The unusual caress warmed her heart, and the thought of it was a comfort to him before the day was over.

Captain Charley was waiting, and they started briskly for their walk of a mile to the shore. The captain was a young man still, but a sun-stroke received while on duty in a hot climate had disabled him from active service, and indeed, from prolonged or violent exertion of any kind. Frank liked nothing better than to be with him; he had many stories to tell of foreign countries and hair-breadth escapes besides, he could tell interesting stories of his father—his brave, noble father—of whom his mother could not speak without tears. Frank had seen very little of his father. He could remember a few very brief visits, when he had come like a good providence with wonderful gifts, and the few weeks of his stay had been one

joyful holiday-time, with visits and merry-makings, the little boy always at his father's side, "to get acquainted," the captain said. Then had come the parting, and then counting up of months and weeks and days, until his return. Alas! the last reckoning had ended in the bitterness of despair.

But sorrow, thank God! cannot stay long with the young, and Frank, walking by his uncle's side, with many a skip and bound of overflowing life, was as happy as he could be. Before reaching the shore they saw a man with lines, apparently bent on the same errand as themselves. They recognized him as one Josiah Smith, a man of many occupations besides that of a fisherman.

"Going blue-fishing, 'Si?" said the captain as they overtook him.

"Ya-as, ef I can find a boat; it's a good day for't," drawled shiftless 'Si.

Captain Charley thought of his wife and two little children to be supported by his uncertain earnings, and good-naturedly offered him a place in his boat, which was accepted, and they were soon off and ready for business.

Boys, did you ever go blue-fishing? If so you would have said there could not be a finer day for the sport than Frank and his uncle had taken. It was a cool day in early autumn; the sky was deeply blue, the sun often obscured by flying clouds, and the northwest wind blowing briskly. On such a day step into your boat, give all the sail she will carry, let out your lines astern, then, as the boat bounds along, the greedy fish jump at the bait, and you have nothing to do but to take them in as fast as you please. Is this not better than to float leisurely about hour after hour in the common way of fishing?

The sport proved to be all that the day had promised. Back and forth through the bay the boat flew—the fish shoaled behind; the fishers had all they could do to attend to the lines, and did not notice that the clouds became darker and more threatening, until a gust tipped the boat over so much that water poured in over her side.

"We must haul in sail!" cried the captain springing up and shouting orders to Frank, who was unhooking a fish, and the slow-moving 'Si.

"Too late! Another and a stronger gust completely capsized the boat, and her three late occupants struggled in the water. Of course they could swim—no boy nor man on the little sea-coast of Dunkirk could not—and they made for the boat, which floated keel-up, and supported themselves as well as they could upon the sloping bottom. The next thing to do was to make a review of the situation and determine what was best to be done. They were in the channel, distant about three quarters of a mile from the main shore, and somewhat nearer the 'Neck' (a long sandy cape, inclosing the bay upon the northern side). The water was intensely cold, and so was the wind as it blew upon them, wet to the skin. No other boat was out—their only hope seemed to be that some one might see them from the shore and come to their rescue. But how long would this faint hope sustain them? How long could they keep their hold with this icy numbness coming over them?"

They waited—at first full of impossible plans for escape, then silent! Who can tell what thoughts came to their minds in those fearful minutes? Did not the captain think of his brothers, yes, and his father before them. He wonders if the sea would be his grave as it was theirs?—and the poor fisherman, did he not feel, in a mocking dream, the warm, clinging arms of his babes around his stiffening neck? But Frank's thoughts were all of mother, swelling his boyish heart till it seemed ready to break, as he fancied the bitterness of her grief if he never came back to her. The townspeople often called him "mother's boy," not only because he had grown up under her sole care—and it was evident that he was the one precious thing she had to live for—but also because of a certain neatness in dress at all times, and gentleness and refinement in his speech and manners, which might have come from that constant womanly influence. Many feared that his character might lack the manly virtue of courage and decision; and even his school-mates when the love of teasing was very strong, would call him "mother's baby" and "Franky," laying an insulting emphasis upon the last syllable, so that he had begged his mother to call him Frank, which she did, unless in a

moment of tenderness the old baby name slipped from her tongue.

If the veteran seamen of the place could have known the situation of this forlorn and shivering trio, what hope of rescue would they have found in a disabled captain, the inefficient Smith or the boy who according to their prophecy 'would never be good for much, brought up so soft by women?"

The clock in the steeple of the village church struck; the sounds were faint, but they could count the strokes.

"Uncle Charley," said Frank, "is that twelve o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Don't the tide turn about that time?" asked Josiah.

"It has turned," replied the Captain; "it is ebbing now."

"Then," cried Frank, "we'll drift out to sea; everybody will be home to dinner now; no one will be likely to come to the shore for an hour, perhaps no one will see us to-day."

"Frank," said his uncle, earnestly, "keep up your courage—don't give up. My miserable head is beginning to whirl, and I may drop off soon; but hold on—think of your mother, Frank, and keep afloat as long as you have your senses."

But even while he spoke he felt how slender was the chance that the poor mother would ever see her living darling again.

The mention of his mother called up before the boy her gentle face as he saw it last, smiling at his boast of swimming from the 'Neck' to the shore. He had never heard that any one had performed that feat; but would it be possible to swim from the boat to the shore, through the icy water and the wide belt of entangling eel-grass? It did not seem so far as the 'Neck,' and there was no dreadful eel-grass on that side to catch his feet and drag him down; but the nearest point was fully two miles from the lighthouse, the only inhabited house there. He might reach it alone, but could he be so mean as to leave his uncle without an effort to save him, and poor 'Si, too?

"Uncle," said Frank, "I am going to swim ashore; here we are right opposite Capt. Wentworth's; I can swim ashore, get his dory and come after you and 'Si, I think I can do it; at any rate, I can't hold on long in this way, and I shall be too numb to swim."

The captain was silent—what could he say? To go or to stay seemed equally dangerous; but Frank, losing the hold of one hand, was already working his stiffened fingers, and trying to throw off his boots in readiness for a start.

"Go!" said his uncle; "and God help you!"

And God help him as he threw himself into the angry waters and struck out for the shore. He felt resolute and confident, wasted no strength in uncertain hurried movements, but with a deliberate and steady stroke went on. The tide being almost at the flood, he pressed through the entangling eel-grass with less trouble than he feared; on, on, stroke after stroke, the shore seeming to grow nearer, until, at last, with one final, desperate effort, he reached the swallow water; his feet touched bottom, he staggered forward and fell upon the sand.

Hardly a minute would he take for rest—the others must be saved. He sprang up, waved his hands toward the distant boat to show the men that he was safe, and looked about—no boat in sight; he ran up the sand to the boat-house and pushed at the door—it was locked!

Here was a difficulty he had not foreseen; it would take twenty minutes to run up to the house for the key and return; twenty minutes lost, when every one was precious. He seized something heavy which lay at hand and showered frantic blows on the door; at last it yielded, and there was the boat, with oars all in readiness; he had dreaded that the oars might have been taken away. Yes, there was the boat, but it was many feet from the water, and it would be a hard task for a man to drag it through the deep sand, while he was but a boy, nearly exhausted already by extraordinary efforts; but he hardly thought of all that—he laid determined hands upon the boat, and it moved a little.

Impossible as it would have seemed to him at any other time, the boat was then launched; he took up the oars—his work was almost done, but he must not rest yet—and with straining muscles he retraced his way over the rough water. His uncle

almost fell into the boat, with the words:

"Frank, you have saved my life. I could not have held on any longer."

"But where is 'Si?" asked Frank.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone. He declared that if you could swim ashore he could. I begged him to wait until you could take us off, but I could not keep him. I think he went down just on the bar yonder."

Frank shed bitter tears; it was hard to give up a life he had done so much to save.

They took up the oars and pulled slowly to the shore. Frank went directly home, sending what men he met at once to the shore; while the captain walked to the nearest house, borrowed dry clothes, and returned to the shore to direct the efforts made to recover their unfortunate companion. Accordingly the neighbors were started from their afternoon quiet by the sight of Frank, a few wet garments clinging to him, running at full speed towards home. There, of course, he was received with much surprise, and his story heard with exclamations of deep sympathy and thanks, while grandmother and mother rubbed him and brought dry clothes and hot drinks, and put him to bed among soft blankets, where, tired out, he soon fell asleep. His mother watched him for a short time as he lay warm and rosy, his yellow hair curled by the dampness into hundreds of little rings upon his dear head, safe upon the pillow at home, instead of on the seaweed under the waves; then, reluctant to leave him, she went forth upon her sad errand of sympathy to poor Mrs. Smith; and the two widows, each with a baby upon her lap, wept together. In a day or two Frank was quite well. Of course he was a hero among his playmates, and, indeed, in all the village; but he bore his honors modestly, pleased that the boys never called him by the old insulting names.

And is that all? No; his mother keeps as a precious treasure, shining out from a bed satin in its case, a silver medal awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society to Frank P., for courage and perseverance in saving life. She showed it to me last summer; and as I looked into her face, with its habitual look of sadness, but glowing then with pride in her boy, I felt that I should like to add to the subscription after the name so deservedly honored, these words: 'A Mother's Boy.'

A Curious Mountain.

Fifteen miles north of Atlanta, Georgia, rises Stone Mountain. Though frequently visited the picnic parties from that section, it is not as generally known as its grandeur merits. America boasts of many higher mountains, this measuring but eleven hundred feet, but has few showing such remarkable beauties. The circumference of this mountain at the base is five miles. For more than one mile it rises abruptly eight hundred feet, is nearly four times as high as Bunker Hill Monument, and nearly as straight, then slopes gradually to the summit. Of course the ascent from this side is impossible, and on every side except one is accomplished with great difficulty. The view from the summit well repays great effort, as, in addition to the usual charms of a southern landscape, one can readily distinguish Lookout and Kenesaw Mountains, so interesting from their historical association.

Stone Mountain is composed of a fine, light colored granite. In some places, where it has been exposed to the action of sun and water, it has become striped, having the appearance of pieces of bright carpeting hanging over the precipice. Scattered over the mountain are boulders, some of immense size, and worn by water into curious forms. The Greeks of old would assign its formation to some god or goddess, and surround it with a fascinating myth. We moderns would rather reverently ascribe it to the one Creator, while curiously studying the means he chose to employ.

No grasses grow on this mountain, but its absence is supplied by a red-dish moss found only in high altitudes. Occasionally a stunted cedar appears, presenting a peculiar appearance. Not only is the trunk itself twisted by the force of the wind, but every branch shows an unequal conflict with unseen forces. At the foot of the mountain azaleas afford a wealth of bloom in their season. At least seven shades appear, varying from white to deep red. A yellow variety also

bounds. These, with a belt of woodland, furnish a setting worthy the beauty of this jewel.

Stone Mountain has given its name to a village about a mile away, where dwellers in the heated cities may sometimes breathe pure air. In looking upon so much of beauty and grandeur, they may find rest for mind and soul, that rest which an intimate acquaintance with nature always brings.

Attar of Roses.

The oil yielded by roses is very little; hence it is said that twenty thousand blossoms are required to yield a rupee weight of the attar, which sells for ten pounds sterling, a little fact which may suggest to the lady that the "real Oriental attar" which she bought in the Stamboul Bazaar for ten shillings the ounce was not quite what the Moslem merchant so loudly swore by the prophet it was. In reality, the true attar is almost invariably adulterated with sandalwood oil, or diluted with sweet salad oil, even in the Indian bazaars close to the far famed rose gardens of Ghazapore. This seems almost pardonable when we remember that, during unfavorable seasons, it will take as many as one thousand roses to yield two grains of the oil. In the forenoon the red blossoms are collected by hand and distilled into clay stills with twice their weight of water—the water which comes over being set to cool all night, and throwing up the thin film of oil which covers it in the morning like cream on new milk. This is the attar, which must be carefully swept off with a feather, and transferred to a small phial. After repeating this operation night after night, and morning after morning, nearly the whole of the oil has been extracted, the little which it is impossible to separate so flavoring the liquid that it is sold as "rose water," just as the minute particles left in the course of distilling lavender or peppermint are known as the "waters" of their essences.

The Sorrows of Genius.

Homer was a beggar; Plantus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Bæthius died in jail; Paul Borghezze had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad" ended his days, it is said, in an almshouse, and at any rate, was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents which have a tendency to erect the spirit of downward age; and Vergas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts as far as the money would go; Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spencer, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway died prematurely, and through hunger; Lee died in the street; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law; Fielding lies in the baring ground of the English factory at Libson, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for the debt of eight pounds; Butler lived a life of penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

African Explorers' Suffering.

Serpo Pinto, the celebrated African traveller who started for Central Africa last fall from Mozambique, came near starving to death not long after he began his march. He and his comrade, Lient. Cardoso, were stricken with fever in a district where famine prevailed. They could buy little food, and being too ill to be removed, their party were soon reduced to sore straits. The Governor of Mozambique heard of their distress, and sent a relief party, who remained with them until the explorers were able to push on to ample food supplies beyond the famine district. Pinto is leading into inner Africa one of the best equipped parties that have ever left the coast.

Oyster Culture in Trees.

The rapid diminution of the supply of oysters in localities where immense banks formerly existed, as in Chesapeake Bay and along the coast of Maine, leads the Charleston *News and Courier* to suggest the oyster culture could profitably be carried on in South Carolina, especially in the waters near Charleston. It cites the success of recent experiments in France as an inducement to the attempt, and says that there is "no industry in the world, perhaps, that so well repays the investment of a little time and labor properly applied." It tells this convincing story of successful oyster culture:

An interesting and successful experiment in this direction, and which can be easily repeated because of its cheapness and other manifold advantages, has recently been tried in Connecticut. The Poquonnoc oysters in that state have long had the reputation of being most delicious bivalves, but the supply was limited because the lower part of the river bottom is covered with mud which is fatal to oyster life. A shrewd Yankee discovered that if trees were set thickly on the bottom, so that the tops were just below the surface of the water, the oyster young attached themselves to the branches and thrived vigorously, out of reach of the mud. Gideon F. Raymond, of New London, was among the first oyster brush farmers. He planted many acres of submerged oyster forests, using young white birch trees. After a year he found that his plant promised to yield an immense crop. The trees were laden from the lowest branches to the top-most with fat young oysters. He estimated that the largest brush would produce twenty-five bushels each of bivalves in another year or two. Mr. Raymond is now planting bare birch poles instead of brush, and is setting them as poles in a pea patch. He thinks the oysters will thrive as well on poles as on trees, and the former can be handled to better advantage. He exhibited poles taken from his beds recently, which are thickly encrusted with the shells of growing oysters, and his success has caused many of his neighbors to follow his example.

In view of the fact that oysters have become necessities rather than luxuries in the modern cuisine, and that the demand is continuous and increasing, it would seem that any efforts toward efficient cultivation would be abundantly rewarded.

The *News and Courier* believes that it has indicated a new and important industry for Charleston.—*Boston Advertiser.*

How Astor Became Rich.

A recent writer, speaking of the late John Jacob Astor, thus speaks of the mode by which he acquired his great wealth. It was neither furs nor teas that gave him twenty million dollars. When he arrived in New York it contained only twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In 1800, when he began to have money to invest, the city had begun to double the population, and had advanced about a mile up the island. Astor foresaw the future growth, and bought all the lands and lots just beyond the verge of the city that he could get. One little anecdote will show the wisdom of this proceeding. He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall street, in 1810, for \$8,000 which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed to chuckle over his bargain.

"Why, Mr. Astor," said he, this lot will be worth \$12,000."

"Very true," replied Mr. Astor, "but you shall see what I will do with this money. With \$8,000 I will buy eighty lots above Canal street. By the time your lot is worth \$12,000 my eighty lots will be worth \$80,000. Which proved to be the fact. In the course of time the island was dotted all over with Astor lands to such an extent that the whole income from his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses without buying any more lands.

One of the finest pieces of ivory in this country is in the private collections of a Baltimore gentleman. The original tusk, seven inches in diameter, was exhibited in the Egyptian department of our Centennial Exhibition. It was brought by a Japanese visitor, and now, after three years of continuous labor, expended by a Japanese artist in engraving it, has reappeared in this country.

A Reminiscence of Elias Howe.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, when he was a millionaire, he enlisted as a private to show his patriotism and independence. Money grew scarce, and his regiment, which was sent south, was left unpaid for three months. At the end of that time Howe, in his private uniform, one day entered the office of the quartermaster and asked when the soldiers of the regiment were to be paid.

"I don't know," replied the quartermaster.

"Well, how much is owed them?" blandly asked the private.

"What is that to you?" said the storekeeper with a look of surprise.

"Oh! nothing," replied Howe, nonchalantly; "only if you'll figure out the amount I'll give you my check for the whole business."

"Who are you?" gasped the quartermaster.

"Elias Howe, and my check is good for the pay of the entire army."

The quartermaster made out his bill, and Howe gave him his check for three months' pay for his regiment. The Government afterward reimbursed him.—*Baltimore Herald.*

"Nine Tailors Make a Man."

In to-day's article on "The Dress Suit," you say "Nine tailors make a man, is a saying which has come down to us from very early days, and still the schneider, or tailor, is the butt in many a German comedy." I think you are a little astray. The word is "tailors," and its use in the sentence you quote arose from the custom in days gone by. When a person died the church bell tolled once for every year the deceased one had lived. But nobody could tell by this the sex of the dear departed; so the sexton, to help public curiosity, after ringing in the usual way the number of years, came to give eight quick strokes if the deceased was a woman and nine if it was a man. These strokes, being rung at the end of the strokes for the years, were called "tailors," and the saying "Nine tailors make a man" came into use.—*New York Sun.*

A drunken man reeled toward home late at night; made a mistake and entered the wrong gate; thought he saw a dog on the stoop; and it was—an iron one. He stopped and considered; wondered if it was a dangerous dog; ventured to say "Be (hie) begone!" No effect. Then he approached warily and adopted conciliation; pursed up his lips and tried to whistle, but failed; still approached, saying, "Poor dog!—doggy, doggy, doggy!" Got upon the stoop, still petting with fond names, till master of the advantage; then exclaimed, "Leave, you thief!"—planted a vindictive kick in his ribs, and went head-over-heels overboard, of course. A pause; a sigh or two of pain, and then a remark in a reflective voice:

"Awful solid dog. What could he be eatin'?" ('ic!) Rocks, p'raps. Such animals is dangerous. 'At's what I say—they're dangerous. If a man—('ic!)—if a man wants to feed a dog on rocks, let him feed him on rocks; 'at's all right, but let him keep him at home—not have him layin' round promiscuous where ('ic!) where people is liable to stumble over him when they ain't noticin'!"

Romantic lovers of late seem to prefer that some peculiarity—a marriage remembrance, as it were—shall attach to the important moment when their lives and fortunes become united for better or worse. At San Sabra, Texas, the other day a couple were married on the street, sitting in a buggy, the bridegroom armed with a rifle and the bride with the revolver. They feared the bride's relatives.

Judge Green, of Washington Territory, being desirous of reaching Seattle by a certain evening, held court to conclude the business of another county on board the steamer Washington, in which he took passage for Seattle, the bar consenting to this novel procedure. A murder case was tried and the defendant acquitted. The witness had a pleasant river trip at the expense of the territory.

"No," said a young man who was asked to sing, "I have not attempted to sing for many years. My voice got away from me when I was very young, and when I was caught it it squealed so that it frightened me, and I let it go again."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1024 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.00. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 1.50.

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It will be seen, from an article on the fourth page of this issue that the school for deaf-mutes in Salt Lake City has proved a most gratifying success. Prof. Harry White deserves much praise for his able and energetic efforts to establish an educational institution for deaf-mutes in the land of the "latter day saints." Besides his labors in connection with the deaf-mute school, he has earned the respect and esteem of the leading people in Salt Lake City by a series of well written articles contributed to the newspapers and to a prominent periodical of that city. If the Utah legislators are in doubt as to whether or not it pays to educate deaf-mutes, it is only necessary to be convinced that it does by asking themselves if it paid to educate Mr. Harry White. By the way, more than one of our deaf-mute institutions was founded by a deaf-mute. The Kansas Institution sprang into existence through the efforts of a semi-mute; the Indiana Institution was established by a semi-mute; the Central New York Institution was founded by a semi-mute, and a deaf-mute has recently started the Northern New York Institution, which is said to be in a flourishing condition; the Florida Institution is also the outcome of deaf-mute endeavor; the Cincinnati Day School, the St. Louis Day School, the Chicago Day School, all were established by deaf-mutes. The Institutions above mentioned, with one exception, are now presided over by persons who hear and speak; but the day schools, also with one exception, continue to be managed by deaf-mutes. There may be other Institutions that were started by deaf-mutes. We believe Laurent Clerc founded the Institution at Philadelphia,—at any rate, he was the first Principal of that great institution. The number of deaf-mutes who received their education at the hands of deaf-mute teachers can be numbered by tens of thousands. The vast army of intelligent, educated and industrious deaf-mutes, who keep pace with the great world of workers in almost every occupation that requires intelligence and skill, who earn for themselves in nearly every case an independent livelihood, and, in many instances, by the exercise of superior talents, support themselves and their families in homes where comfort and luxury abound, are, by their example, preaching a silent eulogy upon the wisdom that establishes and maintains institutions for the deaf and dumb.

A young man named Dow Chisholm, a deaf-mute, was in town a few days ago soliciting subscriptions in aid of a Deaf and Dumb Institute at St. John, N. B., which was burned in 1875. He informed us that he had been engaged in this work for five years, and had collected about \$14,000. The cost of rebuilding the institute was \$25,000. He obtained quite an amount of money here, in 25 cents subscriptions, the same as in the many towns he had visited.—*Montreal (N. Y.) Republican*, May 13.

Dow Chisholm is a fraud. Most of the money he collects is spent in hotels and bar-rooms. Some of these so-called St. John School "agents" have been found drunk in the gutter with their pockets full of money, which they unhesitatingly used to pay the fine imposed for their disorderly conduct. Other "agents" have squeezed the purse of the public for all that it was worth, spent the money thus secured, and then vanished to parts unknown. There is a school for deaf-mutes at Fredericton, and another at Halifax, both of which open their doors to deaf-mutes in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. These schools have never, to our knowledge, harassed the public with begging agents, yet they continue to thrive and to educate all who apply.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y., are rejoicing over the advent, on May 12th, of a little boy baby.

Deaf-mutes of Oakland and San Francisco are going to have a Pic-nic at Camp Taylor, near San Rafael, Cal., on May 9th, 1885.

Mrs. Jas. C. Harlan, of Woodland, Cal., will probably visit their folks and friends in Oakland and San Francisco next month.

On Monday, May 11th, the home of Banald Douglas, the deaf-mute photographer, was enlivened by the appearance of a little daughter.

A number of bicyclists from Washington, on their way to Mt. Vernon, passed through the streets this morning, followed by a large number of boys.—*Alexandria (Va.) Gazette*.

Jas. C. Harlan was in Sacramento, Cal., one day last week, and saw A. C. Doe in the Postal Railway car, attached to the Eastern Overland train, en route for San Francisco, Cal.

The Dezeret University in Salt Lake City closes for the summer vacation in May, to re-open in August, and all its departments close at the same time, including that for deaf-mutes.

Mr. A. G. Hunt told Jas. C. Harlan of his recent trip to New Orleans, Chicago, and New York, and of seeing several deaf-mutes in the East. He expressed his delight at meeting them.

The father of Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, the well-known New York Custom House Clerk, died on the 14th inst., aged 81 years. His remains were taken to Philadelphia for interment.

The steamer, W. W. Corcoran, carried down a large number of excursionists this morning. A hundred or more were said to be deaf-mutes from the Kendall Green Institute near Washington. They returned in the afternoon seeming well pleased with the trip.—*Alexandria Gazette*.

Mrs. Bartels, of Oakland, California, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. James C. Harlan, in Woodland, Cal., two months, returned home last week, in much improved health. Her folks may possibly move to Woodland some time this or next year, as the climate of that place is delightful and suits Mrs. Bartels.

A correspondent would like to know if Miss Annie Leonard, of Shelburne, Vermont (on the shore of Lake Champlain opposite Ticonderoga) is still in the land of the living. Miss Leonard was educated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Ct. Can any of the thousands of readers of the *Journal* enlighten us?

Hon. Edward McConville, the chairman of the committee of arrangements of the Second Annual Picnic of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, is really the right man in the right place, and it is an undeniable fact that a better chairman could not have been selected. He is working with a will for the success of the picnic.

The Salt Lake papers recently contained an item to the effect that one of the pupils of the Dezeret School for Deaf-Mutes wrote to his father, a wealthy mine-owner, and asked him in writing, "My father, please give me a watch. I want a watch." The parent was so delighted at the little boy's evident improvement that he presented him with the coveted prize.

A Young Woman's Scheme.

During this week a young lady of attractive form and prepossessing appearance called on professional and business men through the city, claiming that she was a deaf-mute, and was earning a living by the sale of cards, on which was printed the deaf and dumb alphabet. Her appeal for aid touched generous hearts, and she did a large business. A traveling man followed her to New Castle, and claims that he has positive proof that she has the use of all her faculties, and that she is working the deaf and dumb scheme to raise money.—*Cleveland Herald*.

ASSAULTING A DEAF-MUTE.

THE BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL BY A LABORER.

Dannella H. Maxwell, a sixteen-year old deaf-mute, who lives with her parents at No. 706 Park avenue, Brooklyn, was the victim of a serious assault made on Saturday evening by one Hugh McCabe, a laborer. The girl was sent out by her mother to do some marketing, and on her return was met in the hallway of the tenement where she lives by McCabe, who lives in the same house. He made improper advances, and she resisted and escaped from him and went upstairs and told her mother. From some cause her mother did not view the matter as a serious affair, and her father was not at home. The girl had forgotten some of the articles her mother had told her to buy at the grocery, and a little while later she was sent back for them.

Again she was met by McCabe in the hallway, and this time he forced her into an unoccupied room on the first floor and criminally assaulted her. Then he left the house, and the poor girl again went up and complained to her mother by mute signs. Mrs. Maxwell is herself quite ill and was unable to do anything in the matter, but she sent the child to the Thirteenth precinct station to make a complaint, and on this complaint McCabe, when he returned to the house about midnight, was arrested. Yesterday morning he was taken before Justice Kenna and committed to await trial.

The girl was educated at the Lexington Avenue Deaf-Mute Institution, and is not only pretty, but is extremely intelligent for one afflicted as she is with inability to hear or speak. She is now confined to bed from the shock. McCabe was once in the service of her father.—*New York Herald*, May 18.

MARRIED.

HANK-SCHARFEN—At the residence of Mr. Frederick Hank, Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday, May 13th, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Gustave Hank and Miss Margaret Barbara Schaefer, both of Cleveland.

NEW YORK.

A large and fashionable audience completely filled Chickering Hall, 18th St. and Fifth Avenue, last Thursday evening, the 14th inst. The exhibition of the pupils of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes was the cause of the gathering.

The pupils of the institution occupied seats on the rear of the platform and presented a very pleasing picture. Throughout the entire exercises, as far as could be seen, the sign language was entirely tabooed. Prominent men and the directors of the institution occupied front seats on the platform. There were quite a number of deaf-mutes in the audience, most of them being former pupils of the Lexington Avenue School. They found very little entertainment in the proceedings. Mr. Greenberger, the Principal, conducted the exhibition personally. The following is the programme.

1. Articulation exercises of a class of beginners.
2. Recitation by pupils of an advanced grade, showing their ability to read the lips, and proficiency in ordinary branches of knowledge.
3. Class of semi-mutes who lost their hearing after having acquired speech in the natural manner.
4. Results of experiments in training the hearing of the semi-deaf.
5. Exercises with pupils who are both semi-deaf and semi-mute.
6. Pupils of the highest class conversing on general topics.
7. Exercises showing the ability of the pupils to use ordinary text books.
8. Illustrations of lip-reading under special difficulties.

The exercises must have been very interesting, as the pupils were frequently interrupted by applause. At the conclusion of the exercises, speeches were made by prominent gentlemen, among whom was ex-congressman Hewitt.

The pupils were brought to and from the institution in Central Park stages, chartered for the occasion.

It is said that the Manhattan Literary association has secured Pleasant Point, for an excursion on Thursday, July 16th. Pleasant Point is one of the excursion grounds belonging to Starin and is on the east bank of the Hudson about twenty miles from New York, and one mile below the village of Hastings. No need to quarrel about an excursion any longer.

Mr. William Donnelly died last Tuesday, the 12th inst. He was buried last Thursday, the 14th inst., in Greenwood cemetery. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain held services at the house and at the grave.

Francis Croken is now an inmate of the Ward's Island Hospital. He has been ailing for a long time past, and as a last resort has gone to this hospital.

The deaf-mutes, who got in a row in a Brooklyn bar-room one day recently, are not residents of that city.

Mr. Teed, a collector for the Canada Institution, was at the Brooklyn Society last Wednesday, but got nothing for his trouble. The next day, Thursday, at about midnight, he was seen making a tour through the low resorts on the Bowery.

X

Praise Well Bestowed.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has at present at its head, as Principal, Prof. A. L. E. Crouter, a young man, who by his energy and discernment, is rapidly pushing this noble institution to a foremost place among deaf-mute institutions. Prof. Crouter was born and educated in Canada, but, attracted by the greater prosperity of the Union, and a love for our republican government, he early in life emigrated to the States. Going west, he became interested in the education of deaf-mutes, and has spent eighteen years in their instruction. As a teacher, he was remarkably successful, and his merits becoming widely known, he received repeated calls to the principalships of other institutions. But his interest in the work here was so great that his friends easily prevailed upon him to decline them all. Upon the retirement of Mr. Joshua Foster from the head of the institution, Mr. Crouter was appointed to the Principalship. Upon assuming the duties of the position, he at once instituted great changes in its educational and domestic economy. These have all resulted in the greater efficiency and usefulness of Institution. That his own institution might have the benefits of the experience of similar ones in the education of deaf-mutes, Mr. Crouter recently made a lengthy trip, during which he visited the leading institutions east and west, and inspected their operations. Since his return, the National Deaf-Mute College, of Washington, D. C., has conferred upon him the Degree of Master of Arts. This honor Prof. Crouter richly deserves, and the College in conferring the degree has given another proof of the high estimation in which he is held among those interested in the instruction of deaf-mutes.

G. M. DOWNEY.

THE GUILD.

As the anniversary of the Guild of Silent Workers takes place on the 26th day of May, the Entertainment Committee has the pleasure to invite the friends of the Society to partake of refreshments after the business is finished. The collation will be served gratuitously. An opportunity, however, will be afforded those whose generosity may lead them to contribute. Welcome to all!

A notice of the coming strawberry Festival will be given in the next issue of the *JOURNAL*.

ALBERT A. BARNES.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

An Excursion.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

The excursion of the Ephphatha Sunday School to Mount Vernon, last Saturday, was a very enjoyable affair. The party, consisting of the professors and their families, the students of the College, and the officers and pupils of the Primary Department, left Washington on the W. W. Corcoran at ten o'clock a.m., and after a pleasant sail down the Potomac, and short stoppages at Alexandria, Fort Foote and Fort Washington, arrived at the rickety little wharf which marked the end of the trip. A substantial lunch under the trees back of the mansion, and an inspection of the grounds and buildings consumed three hours, after which all hands re-embarked for the return. The home and resting place of the immortal George has been so frequently described that it would be superfluous to enter into particulars in this letter. The two things which struck us most were the superb view from the bluff, where George is said to have stood when he threw a silver dollar across the river, and the romance of a broken heart, written, as the lines themselves say, "with the ring of a broken engagement," one of the panes of glass in the small tower at the top of the mansion. Professors Hotchkiss and Draper, and Messrs. Byrant, Morrow and Stafford, rode up to the Mount on their bicycles, but found the roads so bad that they returned with the rest of the party on the boat.

The exercises of the Literary Society meeting of May 8th, were opened with an interesting account of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. Dennison. Messrs. Van Allen and Painter for the affirmative, and Hofstetter and Long for the negative, debated the resolution, "that in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, the sympathies of the American people should be with England," which was decided in the affirmative. Danter, of '86, closed the exercises with a declamation of "Casabianca."

Preparations for the farewell ball to the class of '85 are already far advanced. The following gentlemen have charge of the affair: Olof Hanson, '86, Chairman; A. F. Adams, '86, E. P. Cleary, '87, J. S. Comstock, '88, Isaac Goldberg, '88, T. Hyde, '89, and J. S. Long, '89. The ball will be held on the evening of June 16th.

There was a pleasant social gathering at the home of Hammer, of '81, on Wednesday last, which, for want of a better name, we will call an A. Graham Bell party. All the gentlemen were deaf, and all the ladies could hear. The boys had adhered strictly to the scientific idea of the selection of the fittest, and the young ladies were the prettiest and wittiest that could be found in Washington. Music, dancing and conversation filled up the time till a late hour.

A special gymnasium drill was given by the students on Friday, the 8th inst., in honor of the mother, sister, brother-in-law and niece of Morrow, of '85, they having been prevented from reaching Washington in time to attend the Presentation Day exercises.

In speaking of the presents received by the Seniors on Presentation Day, I neglected to mention the handsome Russian-bound Bible and a book of "Advice to Young Men," received by Mr. Morrey, from A. F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass.

Professor Draper and Photographer Douglas are both as happy as the day is long, for unto each of them a son is born.

Professor Fay's family has gone to Natick, Mass., to spend the summer. The Kendall bicyclists have adopted a uniform hat, a white, ventilated helmet, which will be very comfortable for summer riding.

Douglas took a photograph of the chapel, as it appeared on Presentation Day. He also took the class picture of '85, and his work is considered superior to that of the city artists, who have heretofore taken the class pictures.

May 18, 1884.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Two weeks ago, a birthday party was held in Williamstets at Mr. and Mrs. Dexter's. Many ladies and gentlemen from Springfield, Worcester, Hartford, and New York, were present, including Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Livingstone and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ingraham, all of Springfield. They spoke highly of the party, and they enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. Edward Welch, of Boston or Lynn, was in Springfield last week for a day or two before he took the night train for Boston. He has just been in Canada, Vermont, and New York State, to solicit money for A. H. Abell, of St. Johns, N. B., or some body else. The people of Springfield and vicinity, have been annoyed by money beggars for Mr. A. H. Abell's school. It is to be hoped that Mr. Abell will take this hint, and stop sending his agents to our country to beg money.

Mrs. Deidemia Smith, of Deerfield, has extended invitations to her several friends in Springfield, to come to Deerfield, and attend a reception on

May 30. They have accepted the invitation.

Mr. Charles Bass, of Springfield, talks of saving money till his bushel is full of shakels, then he will transfer his family to Springfield from Troy, N. Y., to cheer him up. He has been rather lonely.

Mr. Greenough, of Springfield, has been out of work, on account of dull business, but probably in a month he will return to work.

Mr. Holton C. Cutler, of Warren, was seen promenading on the street in Springfield a few days ago. He seemed quite healthy.

Miss Annie Fahy, of Pittsfield, writes to her friend that she will be married to Mr. O'Neil, of Thorndike, in a very short time. We wish her success.

It has recently been said that Mr. Bastion, of Pittsfield, dreads visiting Springfield. We don't know his reason, but may be Springfield has several mutants who are too smart for him in his bragging habits.

Mr. Cullinan, of Vermont, has never failed for many years to make an annual visit to Pittsfield.

HAMPDEN.

Connecticut.

Messrs. Fred Rock and Geo. A. Simpson, of Hartford, spent a portion of a day last week in visiting friends, and gossiping about every body, which amounted to nothing.

We were quite surprised to see our genial friend, LeRoy B. Danaing, of Farmington, looking nobby—a perfect dude—using a cane and wearing a pair of eye-glasses, and a hat of the latest style.

The official bulletin says that Miss Mary Quinn, of Hartford, is going to be "fettered" for life to Mr. Charles Sykes, a farmer of Ellingworth, in a few weeks. He is president and a heavy stockholder of the Creamery Co. Undoubtedly she is lucky. The happy man is a deaf-mute.

Governor S. W. Hale and Council, of New Hampshire, visited the Institution on Wednesday.

An important change will take place in a life of loneliness in a while. Mr. Evans, of Ohio, will be admitted to partnership for life with Miss Julia Smith, of New Britain. The date of nuptials will be announced before long. We extend them congratulations. The name of Mr. Evans brings "Nemo" back to his cousin, Mr. Dill, of Ohio, a hearing gentleman who swindled Mr. Evans out of \$5000 several years ago, when they were in dental business, and Mr. Dill took French leave. Recently he was found in Hartford keeping a dental business, and the business has been very prosperous, and he has not been prosecuted.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Logan, nee Sallie Wright, after being married by Mr. Samuel Rowe, a licensed professor of religion, of Foxford, Mass., on April 23rd, took a bridal trip to Windor, and are there now. Mr. Logan seriously thinks of buying a cottage and ten acres of land for farming purposes.

On Monday, May 11th, Mr. C. Ensly, of Southington, and Miss Elsie Becker, a hearing lady, were married at Prof. Williams' residence, in Hartford. Rev. J. H. Turebell, of the Asylum Hill congregational church, performing the ceremony, assisted by Prof. Williams. Miss C. Gray was the bridesmaid, and Mr. Herman Erbe the best man. The bride looked beautiful, and her dress was elegant beyond description. Miss Gray was decidedly lovely. Among the invited guests we noted Miss Greenlaw, Miss Green, Miss Williams, Mrs. Job Williams, and the groom's father, Mr. Ensly, and Mr. R. D. Livingstone. The bridal party was conveyed in carriages to the Allyn House and a collation was served. Afterwards they took the 6.75 train for Southington, where a reception was given them.

The presents were numberless, and generally of a useful character, such as linen, glass and silver ware, china, etc. The bridal pair took the 10:30 train for New York for a bridal tour, the shower of rice, sent after them assuring a good crop in Mr. Ensly's front yard the coming fall. Among the guests were noted, Mr. and Mrs. F. Racher, and Misses Racher, Mrs. O. Ruggles, and Miss Ruggles, Mr. John Muth, of Meriden; Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of New Britain; Mr. Herman Erbe, the *JOURNAL* reporter, and many others. We must say a few words about Mr. Ensly's history. He was born in Germany and he came to America at an early age, and he finished his education at Hartford. He has earned a good living at his occupation as a builder. He is said to be one of the best builders in Southington, and he is a first class fellow.

James Campbell, a confirmed drunkard, who divides his time between one or two employers, as many gin mills and the town house, in Hartford, has again gone to the latter shelter, this time for one hundred and twenty days. He wanted to wait until the circus, but the court would not trust him.

An attempt was made to set fire to the Institution recently by a pupil, for revenge because he had been severely punished. The fire was immediately extinguished.

Henry M. Fairman, of Hartford, has been a gentleman of leisure for some time, on account of dull business. Recent politics may have caused it.

NEMO

NOTICE.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated at the 2:45 P.M. service for Deaf-Mutes in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Whit Sunday, May 24th. All who have been confirmed are earnestly asked to attend, and to receive the sacrament.

RELIGION.

Letters on religious matters, and religious intelligence of all kinds, will be printed in this column free of charge.

THE CHURCHES SUNDAY.

Staunton, Va., Spectator.

On Sunday evening, May 10th, the service at Trinity Church, Staunton, had a feature of special interest from the fact that quite a company of deaf-mutes formed a part of the congregation. Most of them were pupils of our State Institution. While the Rector, Rev. Mr. Hullihen, conducted the service as usual, the first was interpreted in the sign-language by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, General Manager of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," New York, and the latter part by Rev. Job Turner, a former instructor in our Institution, who is a missionary among his deaf-mute brethren in the Southern Diocese. In his address to the congregation, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet explained and illustrated the language of motion, showing that in its effect upon the inner life of the deaf, reaching it through sight, it corresponded to the language of sound to those who have their hearing. In the sign language a motion, instead of a word spelled by the manual alphabet, represents the idea. As the spoken word *love* represents the idea in its richness and fullness to those who hear, so the sign made by pressing the heart with the right hand, expresses it to the deaf. With this understanding of the matter, the congregation readily perceived the force of the signs which were used in rendering the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed and several hymns. When we think that deaf-mutes live in a world of silence, getting no pleasure from the sound of the human voice, we should be grateful that the graphic instrument of conveying impressions from one mind to another should have been gradually formed from its beginnings, about 140 years ago, under the Abbe De L'Epée in Paris, till it can justly be called another language. The deaf-mutes of France and the United States have substantially the same sign language, so that they can converse with each other without reference to the French or English language. Dr. Gallaudet remarked that in preaching to a congregation of deaf-mutes, he never thought of English construction. His ideas flowed out directly in the channel of signs. It is thus seen that the educated deaf-mutes of our country have two languages—one of motion, their vernacular, so to speak; and on the other, the English language acquired by various processes. It is very natural, therefore, that deaf-mutes, after leaving school, should especially enjoy sign services, now so generally provided for them in our larger cities by eight clergymen of the Episcopal Church, three of whom are deaf-mutes themselves.

After giving some ideas of the education of deaf-mutes in the 50 or 60 Institutions of the United States,—the one at Washington having a collegiate department open to the young men from all those Institutions,—Dr. Gallaudet sketched the rise and progress of church-work among deaf-mutes from the Bible class, which he began in New York in September, 1850, to its present condition.

Rev. Mr. Turner gave a short account of his mission through the Southern diocese. His silent address was interpreted orally by Dr. Gallaudet. The collection was appropriated to the support of church-work among deaf-mutes in the field entrusted to Mr. Turner.

Notice.

The Rev. Thomas Francis Ward, Pastor of St. Charles Church, Sidney Place between Livingstone and State Streets, extends a cordial invitation to the Catholic Deaf-Mutes of Brooklyn to attend the Sunday School, in the School holiday connected with the church every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

NOTICES.

Services in the signs will be held, God willing as follows:

Sunday, May 24th, at 11 a.m. the Holy Communion in St. Andrew's Chapel, 128th St. near Fourth Ave., New York.

At 3 p.m. in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D., where by a new arrangement our people will assemble on the south side of the Church. This will secure entire freedom from annoyance or molestation which our people will appreciate and enjoy.

Wednesday, May 27th, at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild Room of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

- May 24.—Edgewood, Pa. A.M.
- " 24.—Wilkinsburg, Pa. A.M.
- " 24.—Wilkinsburg, Pa. 3 A.M.
- " 24.—East Liberty, Pa. 3 A.M.
- ACCOMPANIED BY DR. GALLAUDET.
- May 31.—Cleveland, 10:30 A.M., 3 P.M., and 7:30 P.M.
- June 1.—Norwalk, 3 and 7:30 P.M.
- " 2.—Mansfield, 3 and 7:30 P.M.
- " 3.—Columbus, 7:30 P.M.
- " 4.—Urbana, 7:30 P.M.
- " 5.—Indianapolis, 7:30 P.M.
- " 6.—Newcastle, 7:30 P.M.
- " 7.—Newcastle, 10:30 A.M., 3 and 7:30 A.M.
- June 8.—Richmond, 7:30 P.M.
- " 9.—Cincinnati, 7:30 P.M.
- REV. MR. MANN.
- June 14.—Cleveland.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE are 3,200 carpet weavers on a strike in Yonkers, N. Y.

VICTOR HUGO, the great French poet and novelist, is dying.

ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE, the distinguished painter, is dead.

GENERAL LOGAN has been elected United States Senator for Illinois.

COMMODORE JONATHAN YOUNG, of the United States Navy, died, at New London, Ct., on Sunday last.

At a six-day roller skating tournament in Madison Square Garden, New York, the winner scored 1,166.

THE New Orleans Exposition will close on May 31st. It is expected to be opened again in November.

THE Indian uprising in Northwestern Canada has been quelled, and Riel, the half-breed leader, has surrendered.

ONE of the most severe storms that has ever visited southern Kansas occurred last Friday, flooding the Elk and Verdigris rivers and drowning a great number of cattle.

A WATERSPOUT descended upon a ravine near Kearney, Neb., Friday night, washing a family of emigrants named Scott from their wagon and drowning two children.

A GREAT battle is expected to be fought soon at Khartoum between El Mahdi and the rival False Prophet. The latter has collected an immense force of followers, and they are now advancing to attack the Mahdi.

R. E. ODUM, a professional swimmer, of Washington, D. C., jumped from the suspension bridge between this city and Brooklyn, on Tuesday. He struck the water in a slanting position, and died soon after being taken out.

OVER four thousand seven hundred persons have been inoculated with cholera microbes by Dr. Ferran in the province of Valencia, Spain, as a preventive of the disease. The new system is said to be entirely successful, and the epidemic is disappearing. Dr. Ferran intends to visit England within a few weeks.

JOHN HUGHES KELLY, son of Eugene Kelly, the banker of New York City, while bathing in the Sabinas River, forty kilometres north of Lampazos, Mexico, on Tuesday, with Daniel Milmo and a few other friends, was caught in a whirlpool, swept under and drowned before Milmo or

NEW ENGLAND.

Boston Briefs.

PERSONALS, ETC.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Since our last letter, we have made a change of base, and we find ourselves again at Natick, Mass., of which place an account was given in March. Last Sunday, being the last one spent in New Hampshire, I made an endeavor to find a mute lady, whom, I was informed, resided in Norwich, Vermont, directly opposite Hanover. Messrs. Hawley, '85, and Lane, '88, and myself started to walk over, and in about half an hour, reached our destination. On asking a resident, he said their had been a n. to lady there. I asked if she still resided there, and he replied laughingly: "Yes, she is still here."

"Can I see her?"

"You might if you tried real hard; she is buried over there, but as she has been dead three years, I am afraid an interview, under the circumstances, would hardly be desirable," he replied.

I left Hanover on Thursday, at 12 m., and arrived at Natick, Mass., at 9 p.m., and am the guest of Mr. Alden F. Osgood, but go back and forth from Wellesley, on the train. On Sunday, accompanied by Mr. Osgood, we went to Boston, and spent an hour in looking over the scene of the great fire in '72, the scene of the great massacre during the Revolutionary War, Old State House, Old South Church, Young Men's Christian Association building, and other objects of interest. At 10:30, we proceeded to Alpha Hall on Essex Street, where the Boston Society holds its meetings. Mr. David, of Amherst, N. H., preached, and Mrs. Lynde conducted the Sunday School. Among those whom we met, were Miss Peterson, of the Class of '84, Fanwood; Mrs. Rhode Barnard, whose graceful singing is familiar to many; Mrs. E. W. Frisbee and other ladies. The central figure, and the one whom a stranger would unhesitatingly pick out for a leader, was that of Geo. A. Holmes, who is too well-known to need a further introduction from me. Mr. A. W. Orcutt, a very pleasant gentleman, who has Boston's moral welfare at heart. Mr. E. W. Frisbee and his wife, Mr. Woods, who was a member of the class of '85, National College, and Messrs. Lynde, Henry Osgood, Wellington, F. C. Davis, Hargrave, Goldsmith and others, whose names your reporter failed to obtain. Their rooms are large, furnished very handsomely, being the meeting rooms of a G. A. R. post, and decorated with war trophies, relics, camp signals, certificates, etc. At 2 p.m. we took dinner at the residence of Mr. Geo. Homer, on Appleton Street, and were entertained right royally. Mr. Homer has spent forty of the seventy-three years, he carries so lightly, in the civil service—twenty-five years in the Boston Custom House, and fifteen years in the Post-Office. He is now retired, and has a fine home, ornamented with a charming and vivacious wife and a no less charming daughter, and a son who is studying music. At his house, we met Miss Belle Flagg, one of Boston's most intelligent, pretty and popular daughters, and together we repaired to the church of the Good Shepherd at the corner of Cortes and Ferdinand Streets, where the Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, preached an admirable sermon on Holy Days, speaking of why and when they were kept, etc., etc. After this service, we called on Miss Flagg at her very pretty residence, on Pembroke Street, where she entertained us, assisted by Miss Ensmith, a young lady graduate of the Mann School, who is now studying art.

At the Kneeland St. depot of the B. & A. R. K., we saw two young boys in charge of a gentleman, who wore black crape marks over their heads, so as to entirely conceal their features. Why they had them on, we did not understand. It recalled to mind "The man in the Iron Mask."

No, "Tupto," "Hypo" was not taken for a freshman at any of the colleges, because he associates with Seniors as a general thing. At Wellesley, where he is now, there are 600 young ladies in college and no males—and "Hypo," when under the "silk file" "Tupto" mentions, may possible be taken for a Freshman—that is plenty of Fresh, and very little of man.

When Wellesley College is finished, "Hypo" returns to his old haunts in Gotham, where he hopes to be able to make up a weekly budget of city news, of which there must be a scarcity, owing to the infrequency of the "X" letters, the only fault of which are their infrequency.

Natick, Mass., has a population of nearly 10,000, and its only mute resident is Mr. Alden F. Osgood, who has been closely identified with the shoe business with Pebbles & Co., for nineteen years. Mr. O. conducted me through this large establishment, and in another article, at some future time, I will write up how shoes are made. Many of our class are prosperous shoemakers, and many illustrious men have been shoemakers. In the shop are very many noble looking men, the highest order of mechanics, who would be just as much at home in the Capitol at Washington. Forty years ago, Henry Wilson came into this town on foot, his baggage tied in a handkerchief slung over a stick.

He had not a cent in the world, and obtained work in a shoe factory, and he became vice-president of our Republic. The later Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, in his funeral address over the remains said, "The life of Henry Wilson forms a chapter of American History full of instruction; it is full of instruction, full of languid patriotism, full encouragement to in-generous youth. In his desolate and unprotected childhood, in the early struggles which his faculty developed into strength, and his virtues hardened to consistency, in the steadfast purpose and great results of his man-hood, we have an illustration and a vindication of free institutions. * * * He entered this town for the first time, a friendless lad, all his possessions carried in a bundle, he entered it for the last time, accompanied by the pageantry of a nation's war, with muffled drums, and arms reversed and banners draped in black. His whole life is but another illustration of

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

Hypo.

The Moors in Spain.

Delivered by Mr. William Brewster, of Pennsylvania, at the Presentation Day Exercises of the National Deaf-Mute College, Wednesday, May 6, 1885.

When Wamba, the king of the Goths in Spain in the seventh century, heard of the invasion of Spain by the Moors, he prepared a large fleet to prevent them from entering his country. These fierce tribes, called, in Spain, by the name of Saracens and Moors, had overrun nearly the whole of Northern Africa. An army of the Saracens, crowding one hundred and seventy barques, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and attempted to land in Spain. The king of Wamba and drove them back to Africa with great slaughter. But after this, in the year 711, the Saracens landed at the foot of the rock of Gibraltar, and began by burning the crops, and were successful in advancing northward. Their victory was complete. Then the monarchy of the Goths ended. The Moors crossed the Pyrenees, but they were all driven back into Spain, by the brave Franks and Germans. The Moors established their capital at Cordova, and had possession of Malaga, Toledo, Seville, and some other cities. The Christians who fled to the Northern province of Asturias, increased in numbers and strength, but were compelled to pay tribute to the Moorish king. In the middle of the eighth century, the Moorish monarchy was firmly established in Spain, under Abderraman. He devoted himself to promoting the welfare of his country, and especially to the beautifying of his capital of Cordova; and many Mohammedans made annual pilgrimages to Cordova, as the oriental Moslems do to Mecca. He built a magnificent mosque, the remains of which, more than six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and supported by three hundred columns of alabaster, jasper, and marble, still testify to the grandeur of vision. The building had twenty-four doors of bronze, covered with golden sculpture. The mosque was lighted, every night by five thousand lamps. The coronado, or Mohammedan crown, which was placed at Cordova with the utmost pomp and magnificence.

The conflict was afterwards renewed between the Moors and the Christians; and the whole of Spain rose against the Moors. But the new Moorish king, Abderraman II., checked the rebellion. He improved the prosperity of his kingdom by encouraging all the arts of elegance and of industry. He furnished the poor with employment, embellished his capital with edifices of great architectural beauty, paved the streets, constructed baths and aqueducts, and encouraged learning in all its branches by inviting to his court men of distinguished intellectual attainments from all lands. Afterwards, the Christians, gaining step by step, wrested from the Moors, Leon, Old Castile, Extremadura, Madrid, and a portion of Lusitania. The Moorish kingdom was weakened by civil war among themselves. The Moorish kingdom was increasing in wealth; but at the same time the Christian kingdom was increasing in wealth, population, and power. The Moorish kingdom was finally broken into fragments. Then the Christians took possession of two-thirds of the Peninsula, with their ancient capital, Cordova. The Moors had now only thirty hundred and seventy-five years. The Moorish cities of Badajoz, of Saragossa, and of several other cities, were compelled to pay tribute to the Christians. The whole of Spain was forever freed from the dominion of the Moors. But they still held the plains of Granada. They there resisted for two hundred and fifty years all the efforts of the Christians to drive them out.

When Ferdinand married Isabella, he and his wife commenced vigorously the enterprise of driving the Moors out of Spain. In 1492, at last, the Moorish dominion in Spain was ended for ever by the fall of Granada.

The most interesting periods of the Saracen dominion are that between the years 755 and 1030, and that of the kingdom of Granada, extending from the middle of the year 1300 to the close of the year 1500. The intervening period shows the waning of Saracen government, and the rise of the Arabs obtained great opulence, and power; and their general illumination shows a striking contrast with the deep barbarism of the rest of Europe. Yet their cities are a den of thieves, and their manners are a disgrace to the most of its Asiatic peculiarities. But when their territories became reduced within the limits of Granada, the Moors had submitted to the superiority of their Christian conquerors. The city of Zarah that was built by Abderraman III near Cordova, in the tenth century, was most beautiful. In it, the roof of the fairy-like palace was supported by four thousand pillars of silver. The floor and walls were of the same material, highly polished. The ceiling glittered with gold and burnished steel incrustated with the most precious gems. These apartments were illuminated by the light flashing from mirrors, gems, and fountains.

The delightful situation of the city of Cordova, in the midst of a cultivated plain, and by the waters of the Guadalquivir, made it the favorite residence of the Arabs. The public squares and private court-yards sparkled with fountains, fed by streams from the Sierra Morena. Besides supplying the hands and mouths of the city, a canal was conducted into the interior of the dwellings. The beautiful city of Granada, containing four hundred thousand inhabitants, and sixty thousand houses, covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley between. The streets were narrow, as in all Moorish and Arabic cities, but there was a striking appearance of mingled grove and city. One of the hills was surrounded by the Alhambra, a strong fortress, commanding all that part of the city; the other by Alhambra, a royal palace, and a royal castle, capable of containing within its walls a garrison of forty thousand men. The city was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, furnished with twelve gates and a thousand and thirty towers.

The Moors did not neglect to develop their internal resources, and to carry on trade with other nations. They had dealings with all the great nations from England to India. The preparation of silk is said to have employed six hundred villages; and it was from thence the manufacture of silk was first introduced into Italy and other parts of Europe.

The Moors excelled in Literature and Science. Averroes, the philosopher, was known all over Europe. It was through the Arabic versions of Aristotle, obtained from the Moors, that Europe became acquainted with him. In physical science, the Moors manifested equal zeal. They cultivated astronomy, geometry, the various branches of mathematics, chemistry, physiology, and geography. Their observatories were built; and their catalogues of the fixed stars are of use in our own times. Our knowledge of the ancient geography of many countries is owing to works compiled by Moors. Geographers. The name of Almagest is Arabic. Europe received the use of the Arabic numerals from the Moors. The establishment of a medical school in Italy was owing to their influence. This caused others to spring up all over Europe. It is said that seventy public libraries were established in the Moorish kingdom, and the royal collection at Cordova amounted to six hundred thousand volumes. Fifty colleges and eighty free schools were supported in the kingdom of Granada.

The vivacious temper and gay tastes of the Moors were manifested in their showy attire, their sprightly dances and never-ending festivities. The Moorish and Christian knights mingled together in festivals and tournaments. Often the Christian cavalier won the favor of a Moorish lady, and received from her hands the gerund of his valor.

Some of the existing Spanish race are descended from the Moors, through the intermarriage of the Moorish dominion in Spain; and the influence of the Moors on the character of the Spaniards is still felt.

CINCINNATI.

Mr. Yeager, of the Danville, Ky. School, was in the city for a day or two last week, and Mr. Clinkenbeard, a Kentucky boy, twelve feet high, was here at the same time. Come to think, may be Mr. C. is only eleven and a half feet high—nothing like being cautious in one's statements don't chuno?

Our "No. 1. Dude," the pride and glory of the Queen City, (do you see the string on it?) will now have to look out for his laurels (?), as Joseph Goldman has returned from the East, and was in the city the other day to see how things looked.

Rev. Mann held service in this city, at the usual place, on May 10th, as per announcement. About twenty nutes, mostly ladies, were in attendance.

When seen a day or two ago, "Mercury" told your correspondent it was probable he would take a trip down into Kentucky—to Lexington and vicinity—some day this week, and unless something has happened, he is gone by this time. He had been contemplating this trip some time, but the illness of his mother detained him.

A mute, printer, named Luttrell, a former pupil of the Indiana Institute, struck town some months ago, and after looking around some time announced his attention of joining the Typographical Union, and though "Mercury" and the other printers assured him, he couldn't get anything to do in union offices in this city, he knew better, and got his card. Then, after walking over town till his boots were worn out, realized that Union men were at a discount, and he would let the Union slide and turn rat. He has a right to do as he pleases, of course, but such action as this will make Unions prejudiced against mutes, and the local mute printers do not love Mr. L. as the Bible says they should.

By the way, there are only three types in our community at present. Gieger "resigned" from several offices, Harry Ross has gone to cigarmaking. "Mercury" has quit on account of his health, and Luttrell doesn't seem to be doing anything, but wear out the pavement. Frank Catelly has not stuck a type for years, now being a distributor on the superannuated list, in the Commercial Gazette office. The other three type manipulators are Rembeck, formerly of Cave Spring, Ga., who works in a job office run by a brother of Prof. Freeman, now teaching at Cave Spring; Frank Christman, of Louisville, (formerly Louisville correspondent of the Journal), works on the Old Path Guide, a religious weekly, and O. Vance, of the Lancet and Clinic. All three of these are officers in the Anderson Society, as was also "Mercury."

Miss Maggie Morin, "our aunt," stepped out to call on a friend over the way last Tuesday evening, the 12th, and on her return was surprised to find her rooms in possession of a crowd of mutes, who proceeded to make themselves at home, reminding her that it was the anniversary of her birthday. She insisted that it was a mistake, but, on consulting the family Bible, owned up. Then Mr. Joe Vance arose and made a neat little speech, in which he alluded to the length of time Miss M. had lived among us, her uniform good humor, her kindness and neighborliness when any of our community was sick, etc., etc., and at the close, Miss Morin was presented, by Miss Mary Woolley, on behalf of the mutes, with a pretty lace pin of jet, set with gold and pearls, and by Mrs. Williams, her sister, with twenty yards of heavy, black silk. Miss Morin returned thanks, and shook hands with everybody, and then all proceeded to have a good time. About nine o'clock, refreshments were served—very abundant and in style, and don't you forget it. After that, with games and social chat, the hours quickly flew, and the party broke up at midnight, every one saying they had had a splendid time.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hoagland, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Vance and their son, Mr. Barriek, Mr. and Mrs. Luning, and a lot of "us young people."

The Anderson Society gives a picnic this year, as usual, but it doesn't seem as if this was going to be a very good year for pic-nics. The tickets are now on sale, and the Committee on Arrangements are at work, and if it fails, it won't be their fault.

FREE LANCE.

Mr. J. M. Koehler's Appointments.

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

May 24—Christ Church, Reading, 3:30 P.M.

" 25—Allentown.

" 29—Trinity Church, Carbon-dale, 7:30 P.M.

" 30—Meeting of the North Eastern Penna. Association at Scranton, at 10 A.M.

" 31—Trinity Church, Easton, Holy Communion and Anniversary, 10:30 A.M. Special service, 3 P.M.

" 31—Allentown, service at John Van Kirsks, 7:30 P.M.

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Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

BROOKLYN.

Prof. Fox's Lecture.

HERE AND THERE.

It was just twenty minutes after eight when Vice-President McConville stepped on the rostrum to open the proceedings of the Brooklyn Society last Monday evening. As the quill driver of the organization was absent, he appointed another member secretary *pro tem*, and then delivering a short speech in a style wholly his own, wound up by inviting the lecturer of the evening to the platform.

Thomas Francis Fox, on coming forward, was seen to be a young man, sporting a light moustache and a handsome pair of side-boards. His Prince Albert coat was in the latest style and apt to perfection, while his nether extremities were encased in skin tight unmentionables. Taken all in all, he looked, as he was, the beau ideal of New Yorkers. Upon reaching the rostrum and turning, he met the critical gaze of the audience with a blush which quickly mounted to his eyebrows; then with a "don't tell-me" smile of a sixteen-year-old school girl, he complimented the ladies present on their good looks, and immediately after forgetting everything else began his lecture. His signs were clear, forcible and easily understood, and the attention paid him throughout was of the closest, thereby proving that his auditors appreciated his effort. His subject was entitled "Forms of Punishment."

Upon finishing, Prof. Fox was greeted with a round of applause. Other gentlemen being invited to say something, I. Newton Soper seized the opportunity to put in a good word for the "Silent Workers." Ike is a member of what a naughty scribe recently styled the "lah-de-dah, brie-abrac and kid-glove entertainment committee." He announced a lecture for the Guild's benefit on the evening of the 19th inst., said its annual election of a Secretary and Treasurer would occur on the 26th inst.; this to be followed by a reception, at which ice cream and cake could be demolished by members and non-members alike, free of cost. A large attendance is expected. During the early part of June, the Guild will hold a strawberry and ice cream festival, which will be its last entertainment until next fall. Tickets from members, thirty cents, at the door on the evening of the festival, thirty-five cents.

"Which is the best, city or country life?" will be discussed at the Brooklyn Society's rooms on the evening of the 26th inst. Alexander Dezenhof, a shining light of the society, thinking to obtain world wide fame, now moved that Prof. Fox be made an honorary member. This came like a thunder clap, and for a moment all appeared staggered; but only for a moment, then another luminary, named Ijams, was seen in the rear part of the hall seconding the motion. Another member moved that it be tabled until the next meeting, but he was unheeded. The original motion being put to a vote was carried, only four or five of the members voting. Mr. Fox accepted the honorary distinction with reluctance. Now, without the least disparagement of the young professor, we, in consideration of our duty, must say that the society made a grievous mistake, and one that will be hard to overcome. What has Fox done to deserve such an honor? Is he a great man or a great teacher, or has he made the society a liberal donation of money. No, nothing at all. When questioned the author of this beautiful "mess" could give no explanation of his action, neither could the one, who voted for it. The precedent now being established, all lectures, good, bad and indifferent, hired by the society for an evening, will expect the same honorary distinction, any departure from this rule being a breach of good manners.

B. R. Allabough, late Philadelphia's pride, got off a good story about a bashful young Englishman, after which the immaculate Souweine, whose acquaintance among young ladies is more extensive than any two mutes living hereabout, attempted one, and got badly mixed. An opportunity to confer an honorary distinction was here lost by inattention of those seeking fame. Other stories followed by Messrs. Juhring, Fox, Rose, Donnelly and others, until adjournment.

Among the many present were S. A. Taber, Esp., of Scipio, N. Y., Treasurer of the Empire State Association; the artistic Lee W. Bailey with Miss Sarah Emanuel, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swartz, the Misses E. V. Reed and Katie Shute, Mr. and Mrs. Stengele, "Adonis" Waters, Mr. W. G. Myers, Miss E. E. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Ijams, Mr. S. B. Smith and Messrs. Rose and Fosmire from Fanwood.

NOTES.

Thomas I. Godfrey said, at the last meeting of the Brooklyn Society, that the Leader would, in a few weeks, have to be given up, as W. A. Bond was overworked. If his physician's advice was disregarded, brain fever, if not something worse, would be the result. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate man and his family. Let us all hope he will soon get better, and be the means of doing much good for his class.

There is no probability about it. The Manhattan Literary Association is going to have an excursion. It will take place at Excelsior Grove, on July 16th. The barge "Vanderbilt" and a powerful tug have been engaged for the occasion. Good music for dancing will be furnished for oral friends. The excursion will be under the management of a committee consisting of Sol. Cornelius, Fred Hoffman and Franklin Campbell. The general good feeling, with which this announcement has received assures the M. L. A., a rattling success, more especially as half the profit goes to the "Building Fund." C. R. Thomson is awfully tickled.

From experience, the writer can endorse the editorial concerning mute societies, which appeared in the last JOURNAL, as correct. We have been there. Unfortunately, it is too true that in some societies, mutes of inferior ability have been the most chronic office-seekers, and having secured, through their personal popularity, responsible positions; the society which honored them, finds out too late, that they are unable to perform the duties required of them; the result is a lively rumput, private spite and quarrels existing between this and that member crops out, resignations are sent in and a rapid decline of the society follows. As far as we are aware the only remedy for the state of things is for the more intelligent mutes to join the various societies in such a number as to control them, and then make the organizations as attractive as possible.

If the mutes of New Haven, Thomaston, Hartford, New Britain and Bridgeport, Ct., get up that combined picnic to be held at High Rock Park, on July 4th, it is very probable that a large party from this vicinity will attend it.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Brooklyn Society's coming picnic have appointed Mr. Stengele to take charge of its games. He has decided upon having a one mile run and a 440 yards sack race. If there are more than five entries to each event, hand-some medals will be given the winners, if less than five entries, the medals will be withdrawn, and something else as prizes substituted. Those deciding to take part in these races must send their names and fifty cents as entrance fee to him by July 1st. His address is 256 South 5th Street, Brooklyn, E. D. There will also be an impromptu "tug of war," while the facilities for baseball playing are excellent.

Probably the most skillful mute master in this city is Henry Stengele. He is connected with the "Knights of Labor" and his fellow members look to him to "fix things" with mutes seeking work in his trade. Recently the employees of a shoe factory over here went "out," and among the "scabs" who took their places was a mute from Albany or somewhere in that vicinity, and a girl, formerly a pupil of the N.Y. Institution. Meeting them after working hours, Stengele expostulated and secured a promise from the young man not to work in the factory while the strike continued, the Knights of Labor agreeing to pay his board until he secured employment. The mute broke his promise and went back to work the next morning, while the girl "knew better," and was exceedingly saucy. The labor organization is furious, and threatens to "shut out" all mutes not members of the K. of L. from the shoe factories in this city and New York.

Mr. Andrew Weinberger is now in New York, having recently returned from Nebraska, where he has been sojourning for about a year. He looks hale and hearty, showing that the climate agreed with him. He reports business out there as excellent, but says life in the Gotham is preferable. In a few weeks he expects to return to the West, and will probably take his family with him.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Pratt, of Connecticut are again in Brooklyn, Mr. P. having temporary employment at his trade in New York City.

Mrs. W. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., is in Harlem visiting her mother.

May 16, 1885.

Rome Items.

Mrs. Laura Searing (Howard Glyn-don), was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eddy last week.

Monday last we were surprised by seeing some snowflakes. It snowed not more than one minute.

Lizzie Stewart and Minnie Wolfe, who went home to stay over Sunday, returned Monday last.

Nettie Olds was borne away from us Saturday last by her uncle, who took her to Syracuse. She returned on Monday following.

The Winegars were made happy last week, by a visit from their mother and Miss Redner, of Utica.

Saturday last (May 9), was Mr. Eddy's birthday, on which his pupils remembered him with a bronze inkstand. He was completely surprised, and correspondingly pleased.

Last Saturday a match game was played by the Nelson Base Ball Club and the Academics, a city club, but it did not last very long, as it began to rain very hard just after the game was started. At the start of the game, the Academics had the lead.

The Stars have challenged the Sher-woods, another city club; but have no answer yet.

The Athletic Association had a meeting on Friday evening, May 1, and elected the following officers: President, E. B. Nelson; Captain, Martin R. Minkle; First Lieutenant, R. McGrath; Second Lieutenant, M. M. Taylor; Secretary, Chas. L. Lash-brooks; Treasurer, E. B. Nelson;

Committee on games, Geo. L. Stewart, C. S. Risley, and J. F. Keller.

The report of the ex-treasurer, J. H. Eddy, showed receipts from members to have been \$14 60, of which \$2 90 had been expended for sundries, leaving a balance in his hands of \$11 70. The association has twenty-four members, and is in good condition. It proposes for Decoration Day, May 30, the following programme:

1. Putting the shot.
2. Running high jump.
3. Running broad jump.
4. Standing broad jump.
5. Throwing the ball.
6. Hop, skip and jump.
7. Pole vaulting.
8. 3 miles race, go-as-you-please.
9. 100 yards dash.
10. 1 mile walking race.
11. Club swinging.
12. Dumb bell drill.
13. Tug of war.

Miss Nellie Loucks, who went home about two months ago, on account of her eyes, returned Thursday last, much better than she was before.

GABRIEL.

Boston Gleanings.

Instead of the expected lecture on Wednesday eve., April 29, by Mrs. J. Whipple Follette, of Woonsocket, R. I., owing to a rain storm, the small audience of deaf-mutes enjoyed themselves during the evening by a social entertainment, which consisted of short story telling, fun and the like. Mrs. Follette is very much admired by all those who know her, and we regret her inability to give us a lecture this season.

A sermon was given by Mr. W. H. Goldsmith, Sunday morning, May 3d. He read the last portion of St. Matthew 16, beginning at verse 24. His text and subject were from the first part of verse 26: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The Bible Class as usual.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Goldsmith's mother, which necessitated Mr. Goldsmith's absence, Mr. A. W. Orcutt took charge of the Prayer Meeting in the afternoon. He read from St. Matthew V., and the subject during the meeting was on "Love your enemies."

Mr. A. W. Orcutt lectured on Parliamentary Rules, Wednesday evening, May 6th; after which he read a letter as follows:

"New York, April 23, 1885.

"GENTLEMEN:—General Grant requests me to acknowledge and thank you, and through you, thank the deaf-mutes of Boston, for their resolutions of sympathy.

Respectfully,
F. D. GRANT."

To
"Alvah W. Orcutt," }
"Harry E. Babbitt," } Committee.
"Frank W. Bigelow," }

A letter from Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, who is now at Lowell, Mass., was then partially read by Mr. W. H. Krause. The subject, being at this time introduced and afterwards discussed upon, was about succeeding by patience and perseverance at a certain business.

Mr. J. O. David preached Sunday May 10th, on "Ye are the salt of the earth."

Mr. A. F. Osgood, of Natick, was present with Mr. A. L. Pach, of New York.

The Mass-Meeting came up on Wednesday eve., May 13th, with Mr. A. W. Orcutt in the chair. He read the following letter, and then stated the necessity of appointing a secretary *pro tem*, to which office Mr. H. E. Babbitt was elected by acclamation.

"Mr. A. W. ORCUTT, Chairman Mass Meeting, Boston, Mass.

"Sir:—To-morrow night, being the appointed time for a mass meeting. I take the liberty to inform you that I am unable to be present at the meeting for many reasons, which I decline to state publicly. To avoid confusion or disappointment, I have sent herewith the Secretary's report of the last meeting's minutes, and also a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws from the original, and also with notes which may help you to get along.

Hoping you will excuse me, and awaiting the turn of the papers after having been thoroughly re-adapted with alterations. I remain
Yours truly,
Geo. C. SAWYER, Secretary.

The re-adoption of the Constitution and By-Laws was partially done, and the meeting adjourned until further notice at 10:15 p.m.

Mr. A. W. Orcutt is Secretary of the Bay State Deaf-Mute Christian Mission. He was appointed by the President to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. John T. Tillinghast's declination to accept his election, at a meeting held at Salem, April 2d, where he was not present.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Small are enjoying themselves in their new "palace" at Weston, Mass., across the river, at Auburndale, where he formerly lived. Mr. Small expects to go into the poultry business, and we wish him success.

SLIDING DOWN A WIRE.

Shortly before nine o'clock this morning, a man was seen to crawl carefully from the skylight over the harness room of the State Prison, seize the telegraph wire that is stretched across, and slide swiftly toward the pole that is outside the prison walls. One of the guards saw the escape, and although he was nearly six hundred feet from the fugitive, he whipped out his revolver and fired. The shot took effect, for the prisoner dropped into the yard, and was quickly secured. It was Henry G. Edwards, who was serving a seven years' sentence for burglary in Lawrence. He entered the prison last October. He was working in the harness shop, and had evidently been planning to escape for some time. He noticed that the telegraph wire would take him to freedom unless the guards discovered him, and although the chance was a desperate one, he determined to take it. In order to save his hand he had ingeniously contrived a set of pulleys. The wheels were of leather, and they were set in blocks of wood

just large enough to be clasped by the hands. While the guards were being changed he jumped for the sky light and reached the roof before the new guard had discovered his escape. He then lost no time in reaching the wire, and but for the fact that the outside guard saw him, he would have made his escape. The shot struck him in the left ankle. He fell upon a pile of bricks and when taken up was insensible. He was carried to the hospital where his wounded foot was dressed. It is feared that he is injured internally. When Warden Usher approached his cot he looked up and said: "Warden, I know it is ungrateful for me to try to run away from you, but you know how sweet liberty was to Patrick Henry, who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'" Edwards is the ninth prisoner who has tried to escape from the prison since it was re-occupied a few months ago.—Boston Journal, May 16.

Hcb.

Voices from Philadelphia.

"The deaf do live alone. In a little earth There is no helpmeet found for them; within One circle is their empire bound. No din Invoices the temple of their mind; the mirth And sighs of men are sounds to them unknown. Though well they know the spirit's inward groan; And mortal agonies belong to them. As well as to their fellow men; for death Hath pass'd on all who draw the vital breath, And where sin is, there doth the law condemn. Ah, hapless men! relentless Silence keeps Her watchpost at the portals of the ear; No heavenly word or sound approacheth near, And music's magic harmony in lasting stillness sleeps."

The above is part of a poem on the Deaf, found in Thomas MacKellar's Rymes Atween-Times. Probably, the poet means the deaf antediluvians. We suggest that one of our deaf poets compose a poem on the deaf of the "millennium" and send it to poet MacKellar.

"Our Little World," of the Pennsylvania Institution, has friends outside as well as inside of its present domain. It would serve nicely as a weekly "letter" to the graduates, and some have already openly expressed the wish to become subscribers. Just now a few gain satisfaction by a "Please to borrow me "Our Little World" for a few minutes."

The Closing exercises of the Chirological Literary Society, of the Institution here, will take place some time in June.

Next Wednesday the exercises of the C. L. S. will consist of an essay, a dialogue, referred questions, humorous reading, a declamation, and a song rendition, besides the regular business of the Society. Mr. R. M. Ziegler will declaim. As he seems well suited for that, and seldom participates in the literary exercises, on account of his official position in the Society, it seems more than probable that he will command "a dead still stare from about fifty pairs of eyes."

Prof. J. P. Walker will deliver an oration before the C. L. S. on the last Wednesday of this month.

Principal Cronter is a warm, sincere friend of the C. L. S.

So our next picnic will be held at the beautiful Neshameny Falls again. We are glad of it, as the place is admirably suited for that purpose, and extend our congratulations to the committee which selected it. But, if another day's recreation is contemplated, would it not be better to hold it at an earlier date than has been decided upon, so that the two will not be held at such close times? Now, let the C. L. A. bring a rope along this time, and we shall venture to show how it can be utilized at the picnic. 'Tis a sort of protector, you know.

Always note the difference—C. L. S., for Chirological Literary Society, and C. L. A., for Clero Literary Association.

Mr. Allabough made a flying trip home on Saturday, May 9th.

So far, we have not heard of the roller skating craze among the deaf and dumb. Good; then we are not so crazy as our fellow men.

